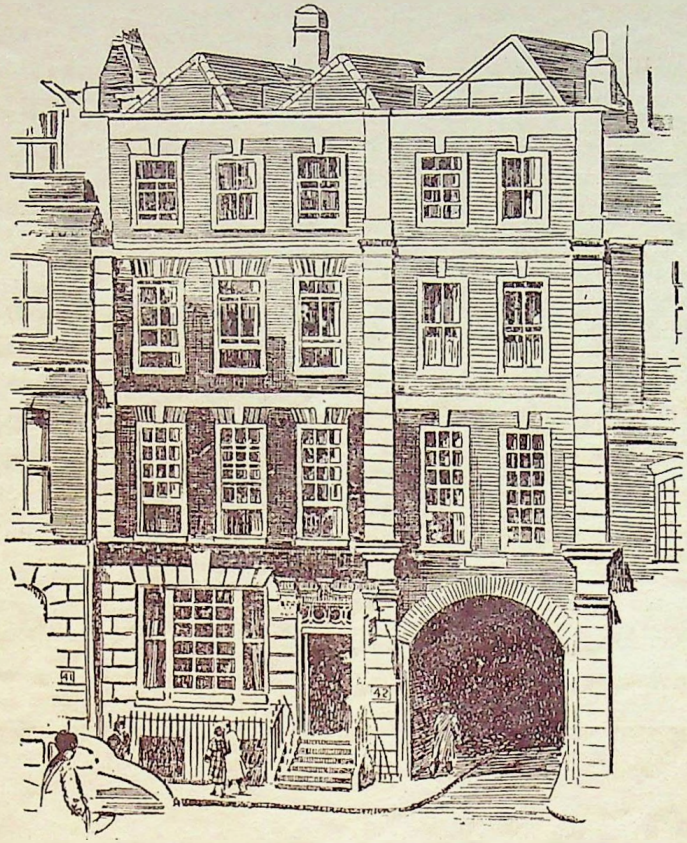
THE LOG

Toc H Women's Association



CRUTCHED FRIARS HOUSE. Headquarters of Toc H Women's Association

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1954 NINEPENCE

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THE LOG

VOL. XXVIII ∴ NO. 5 SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1954

IT HAS BEEN FUN—more than fun—hearing some of the things you have said about the July-August LOG.

A BIG thank-you—and a cheer for all the lively contributors.

One or two people were tickled at the idea of the agony other people must have suffered in having their photographs taken. Don't you laugh and feel safe—your turn to be 'shot' may come next! The Publications Committee have retaliated by putting me on the spot—my face will be smiling away at you in the next number. I make the announcement solemnly, believing all the *nicest* women have a vein of curiosity and hoping to prick it deeply enough to make you buy a copy just to see what I *am* like. That would push up circulation. (But NOBODY is going to give you back your 9d. if you don't like the look of me . . . we're playing safe there in spite of A.B.S.M.'s fine article rising above it on p. 144.)

A happy day I spent recently was the day Jane Twinch and I visited West Brothers, printers of the LOG. Printers always make me feel that every one among them knows his job, enjoys his job and revels in doing it well. Just to watch makes you feel delighted; the ink smells good, and the sight of craftsmen at work gives you a boost if you have been wondering whether the working world in general hasn't been growing oddly lack-a-daisical and dull.

And there was nothing lack-a-daisical and dull, either, about the way your letters came in—the LOG isn't elastic enough to stretch its pages for all of them (some points from letters are in *Notes and News,* so don't miss them if you wrote) . . . but keep on writing when you have something to say, and don't put it off until you have time to imagine it's not interesting enough. Pancakes and Welsh rarebits are about all I can cook, but I know that if you keep looking at a cake in the oven, it tends to go sad. Sometimes, too, if you keep staring at an idea, that presents a sad face to you in the end.

Again, there are plenty of interesting faces in the LOG—and plenty of expressions of opinion that certainly don't parrot each other. I am looking forward to many handsome battles between correspondents, thrashing out problems worth tackling . . . always on *the* most friendly terms, of course, but strong enough to cross a few nibs.

EDITOR: BARBARA VISE

"WITH MUCH PLEASURE . . ."

MY father came from the heart of Wiltshire; my mother from London and I feel I have inherited a love of both —with a bias for the country as long as London isn't too far away. I shall always be grateful that I was able to spend my school years at Talbot Heath School (Bournemouth High School as it then was), and that I was privileged to have one term under its Founder, Miss Mary Broad, one of the pioneers of girls' education, followed by those days of expansion in the history of the school under Miss Stocks's far-sighted leadership. Home and school—their influence can never be over-estimated.

Having no particular bent and my VIth form years completed, I decided to take a secretarial training. At the end of this my Principal sent me particulars of two posts; one at a Bank, which attracted me; the second for the Estate Office of (to me) an unknown place called Glyndebourne. The Bank didn't reply; the Glyndebourne Estate Secretary wrote saying that the requirement was really for someone older, but asking me to come on a month's trial, starting on Monday. It was late on Saturday night when I returned from a theatre party to find this letter, but it was my first job and I was keen to get it, and so at midnight I packed my case and on Sunday travelled to Lewes.

That drenching Sunday was to be the prelude to almost 20 years' varied and absorbing contact with Glyndebourne, working with Mr. Christie's business manager, who was then and for many years building up the organisation to give effect to Mr. Christie's plans for making his estate a living organism, creating work for hundreds in its differing fields. The Opera House was then newly built and in May, 1934 the curtain went up for the first time on 'Figaro', and the Glyndebourne Festivals were established.

AFTER these early years in the Sussex Office, I was for a time Secretary at a Girls' School in Kent, but after $2\frac{1}{2}$ years returned to Glyndebourne's London Office.

Mrs. Christie had always been anxious that Glyndebourne's beauty should be shared with some of London's children, and in 1937, in collaboration with the C.C.H.F., in the Dormitory building which housed waiters during the Festival, Glyndebourne welcomed its first 25 little Bethnal Green girls. These were exciting, even if exhausting, days: picnics, dips in the swimming pool and the big excursion when Mrs. Christie mustered five cars and we set off for a day by the sea. The three 'Bethnal Green' camps were a foretaste of the use which was to

. . . that is how

MARGUERITA FOWLER

new General Secretary, takes up her appointment with Toc H Women's Association. It was with much pleasure that we met her and asked her to introduce herself in this article

be made of the premises during the War years, when, on 1st September, 1939, bus upon bus arrived, disgorging hundreds of tiny babies on to the front lawns, and, in a day, Glyndebourne's population rose to 372. Even bringing into use all the ancillary buildings, it was obvious that this number was excessive, and, quite soon, the youngest were removed and a unit of 100 2-5 year-olds remained until January, 1946, enjoying the delights of the countryside.

AT the end of the War another phase of activities began. The Children's Theatre Ltd., under the Chairmanship of Dr. Mallon, was already in being, and from 1946 to 1950 the management was undertaken jointly by Toynbee Hall and Glyndebourne. During this time, in conjunction with the Education Authorities, we sought to provide full-scale performances of classical plays for school-children all over the Country.

Pottering in the cottage garden was a favourite occupation of mine when I was living in Sussex and travel has always had an irresistible appeal for me—whether in England or abroad. In 1953, when the opportunity came to visit relations in South Africa with my mother, the break with Glyndebourne was made.

I am indeed happy to take this opportunity of introducing myself to you all in Toc H, in the firm belief that another period of stimulating service is about to be embarked upon together, and I look forward to it with much pleasure.

STAFF CONFERENCE

JANE TWINCH reports: no summer sun but plenty of inspiration in the days spent at Swanwick

MID-MAY in Derbyshire—what could be more lovely to those of us who live and work in cities? We pictured ourselves sitting about in the sunshine in the gardens of The Hayes at Swanwick, walking in the hills between sessions and returning home at the end of the week with sunburnt faces and lungs full of fresh country air. But Derbyshire decided to give us a week of really cold sunless weather—it didn't actually rain but each day it threatened. We were glad to sit as close as we could to the fire and cheered when the management turned on the central heating. We did venture out and many of us went in cars to visit some of the renowned beauty spots of the county and some of the hardy types even went walking!

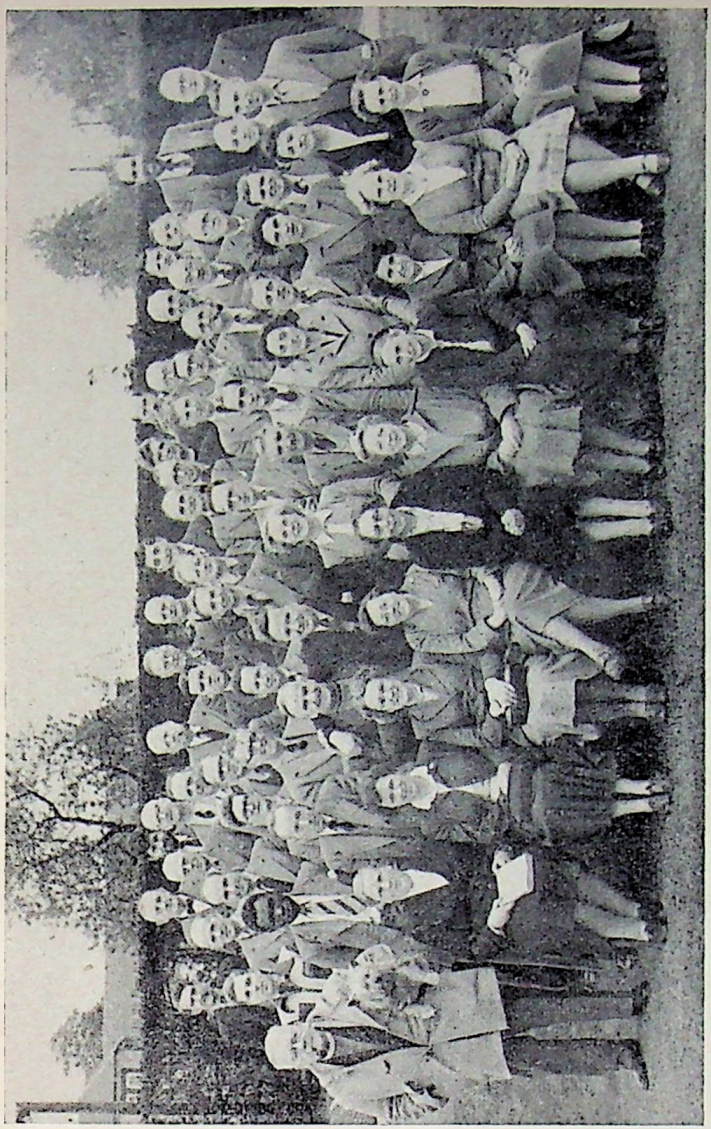
The members of the staff, both men and women, attended the meetings of the Toc H Central Council over the weekend of May 14th to 16th. After these intensive sessions the Monday was a free day until the evening.

Each morning after breakfast devotions were led by Padre Jim Davies whose helpful talks did much to guide our minds and prepare them for the business of the day.

THE guest speaker for the Women's Association staff was Miss M. Batten, principal of William Temple College. She gave three very interesting talks on 'The Interpretation of the Christian Message in the World To-day'.

We shared with the Toc H staff the sessions taken by their two speakers, Professor E. G. Bowen of the University of Wales, and Dr. Martin Johnson, Reader in Astrophysics at Birmingham University. Professor Bowen gave two remarkable talks on 'The New Industrial Revolution in Britain', and 'The Social Implications of Christianity in our Present Society'. Dr. Johnson gave his own evaluation of Toc H Branch membership in an industrial locality.

Other sessions were given over to our own concerns in the Movement, the Regions and at Headquarters and our hopes and plans for the future. Living together, even for so short a time, is of the greatest value as we get to know each other better, learn from each other's experience, share the joys—and the disappointments!—and realise that we are all working together for one purpose.



Toc H Journal (July) gave a full key to this photograph

Women in the picture (front row, l. to r.): *Miss E. M. Batten* (*Guest Speaker*); *Miss E. Perrin; Miss M. Davis; Miss R. Relf; Miss A. B. S. Macfie; Mrs. J. Twinch; Miss M. Turner; Mrs. M. Gorton; Miss E. T. Lee; Miss C. Powell.* (Row behind, l. to r.) *Miss H. Benbow* (*Asst. to Gen. Sec. Toc H*), *Miss F. Beeton, Mrs. E. Worth, Miss P. Wolfe*

GEE – on Gee

We wouldn't let her off, insisted the author of the popular sketches of imaginary 'Mabsnorton' should tell us something about herself . . .

TRYING to decide what Gee is really like is perhaps harder for Gee herself than for anyone else. Others probably have quite strong opinions about her. Gee's seem to fluctuate so. She hopes it is still youthful adaptability . . .

Favourite hobby is reading. Once immersed in a book or paper she is lost to the world and a long-suffering family avers that even pins stuck in her would produce no reaction.

When not looking after the children and home, so many interests call that nothing ever seems to get the time it deserves. She not only gets stuck on committees and landed with plenty of work, they sometimes even give her the cash to hold too. They call these honorary jobs but if you can't add up, honorary simply means that you are on your honour to keep paying in the difference.

Gardening is a great joy in spite of a long-cherished desire to achieve beautiful white hands.

Her family delight in keeping things. The window sills are littered with Daddy's cacti, Grannie's plants and the boys' minnows, caterpillars and tadpoles. The usual assortment of pets come and go, from cats and dogs to hedgehogs and parrots. All these need a mother's love.

A frustrated ambition to be a doctor now takes the form of treating her own and neighbouring children's cuts and bruises. Bones are set for birds, assistance rendered at the birth of butterflies (in one case forceps were needed), leech-like parasites are removed from woolly-boys, and as the old joke about doctors has it, mistakes are conveniently buried.

Then there is always Toc H. If by brilliant organization and supreme luck there were time ever to sit and think—or just sit—no doubt at all, Jobbie would promptly fill it.

Biographical notes about GEE. Born in Buenos Aires and educated there with occasional trips to England with her parents. Did secretarial work on leaving school and was introduced to Toc H the night the Southern Suburbs Group received their rush light. Married in 1940 and went to her present home in England soon after the war. Now has three boys ranging from ten to five. She helped to start the local branch of the Women's Section in 1950 and found it a stimulating change from housework.

THE HOME OF MABSNORTON

HOW do other branches keep their rooms clean? It is a perpetual problem at Mabsnorton. We certainly do not have the cash to pay anyone to do it and we are mostly too busy or infirm to do it ourselves. It is not a problem that worries the men, we notice. They were here twenty years before us and no one ever did more than blow the dust off the piano before a party.

Perhaps it reminded the ex-Service types of Flanders and trenches and dugouts.

When we women had our first spring clean the plain grey carpet turned out to have a red and blue pattern on it and the dark green curtains, after many washes, emerged as plain black black-outs; soon to be scrapped for gay prints.

We invite our more superior friends down only on dark Winter nights. Hidden then is the broken sky-light, the grimy windows and the half-obliterated trade signs of better days. Every Spring someone replaces a broken pane or two which are promptly smashed again.

FORTUNATELY the door is sturdy or they would have smashed that too. It looks as though it would withstand a battering ram but one night when the door knob was missing and we stood around helplessly praying for a Boy Scout or something kindred to appear, Babs rose to the occasion, about-faced and opening up a rear attack we had soon burst in.

It is a dismal old building altogether, the end by the coal wharf being boarded up. One local when asked if he knew where Toc H hung out said, oh yes, he knew; he had often thought that if he wanted to commit suicide he would go to Toc H and jump in the canal.

There is evidence galore that birds find sanctuary with us and more than once the local bad boys have broken in for a lark, even using our Visitors' Book and odd papers to try to set fire to the poor old place.

As we possess no dustbin, refuse is always a nuisance. Once we had allowed a dozen empty milk bottles to accumulate, several half-full of thick sour cream. We had thought to drop them in the canal but a jollier idea occurred. As we walked home down a fashionable residential street we simply deposited one on each doorstep—and felt so thrillingly guilty doing it. Just as the last one had been disposed of we met a policeman and exchanged nervous greetings, giggling with embarrassment. Had he seen? and what must he have thought of us?

THE GEN

Arthur Pettifer, M.M., No. 239 1st Battalion The Buffs
Senior Vice-President of Toc H

TO many members who have joined Toc H but lately, the Gen is a legendary figure of whose exploits they read in *The Tales of Talbot House,* and whom they may possibly have seen in the distance at a Festival in the Royal Albert Hall, proudly bearing the Prince's Lamp to its place of honour on the platform. Before his health began to fail, visitors to Toc H on Tower Hill counted themselves fortunate if they met him, as he might often be met, going about his business between '42' and All Hallows, or working in the church garden. He always claimed to remember everyone, and was ever ready with a bit of banter or a joke.

Of the part he played in Talbot House in the first World War there are many others more competent to speak than myself. The stories recorded in the pages of *The Tales* and *The Gen* are typical: and so also is a tale told to me the other day in South Wales, of how he dealt summarily and conclusively with an unruly crowd of soldiers in Talbot House one evening, when they were throwing books and papers across the lounge. Gen could be a disciplinarian when he wished, as Tubby knows.

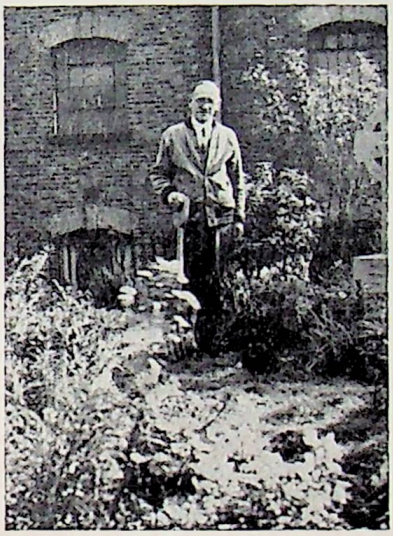
Here are one or two characteristic pictures of the Gen on Tower Hill, the scene to which we have both belonged since 1922. The first is of the Gen excavating the newly discovered Crypt at All Hallows. There for weeks and months, in a dim and dusty atmosphere, sometimes alone and sometimes with his brother Bill pressed into service, Gen laboured to clear the crypt of its contents (it had been used for burials) and to make it into the Chapel of St. Francis which we knew and which future generations of Toc H members will know again, when the rebuilding of All Hallows is completed. To make sure that no ill-feeling was caused or irreverence imagined, it was his custom on entering in the morning to doff his cap and say, most respectfully, 'Good morning, Gents'. When asked why he did this, he replied: 'Well, y'see, courtesy costs nothing . . . and you never know!'

On April Fool's Day the wary kept well out of Gen's reach until after midday, and even the telephone was answered with reserve. There was always much fun over those who fell into the traps so carefully laid. He was no respecter of persons, and this was possibly a harmless way of paying off scores. Once Gen himself was caught, being served with a favourite baked fish for dinner, carefully stuffed with flannel!

BUT Gen's lasting monument on Tower Hill is the Church garden and the impetus it gave to planting flowers on any open space around. I remember that I was inspired to plant seeds round the tree opposite my dwelling at No. 7, but unfortunately the cats of the neighbourhood were not co-operative. From sooty, dry and lifeless soil, Gen, who was no gardener, conjured up a garden. There was a moment of real triumph when, after months of patient collection of manure from the streets and dressing of the soil, he actually found a live, wriggling worm. He held it up for me to see and then carefully replaced it where it could carry on its good work.

At first Gen favoured tulips, set in rows like soldiers on parade, but as time went on he developed the true gardener's instincts and all sorts of plants bloomed there, marigolds galore and roses and lilac. In the centre he built a fountain of odd bits of stone and concrete from which water showered beneficently on the surrounding flower beds. The drips fell into the large, upturned shells (scrounged perhaps from Billingsgate) which formed the pedestal, providing shower baths for the city sparrows. Below, in the pool, goldfish, plain and piebald, skirmished among the weeds and battened upon an over-generous ration of crumbs. The old man would sit there smoking his pipe when work was done, chatting with all who came. The garden is now flowering again, but the fountain and the fish, having come safely through the blitz, had afterwards to give place to builder's huts.

A.B.S.M. writes about the man who built a garden—and a lasting memory of himself as one of the great personalities of Tower Hill



I can see the Gen now on the summit of Ward Hill on Hoy in the Orkneys. After a steep and exhausting climb he and Tubby and I set ourselves to build a little house of stones gathered laboriously from the hill-top. Through the pillars of an arch could be seen a vista of the islands spread out below in an opal sea . . . The little house is still standing, and anyone crossing to Hoy from Stromness can to-day see light shining through that archway, unless the clouds blow round it and hide it from view.

SO now, in his eightieth year, and after a full and active life, the Gen has gone home, ahead of Mrs. Gen, who shared his duties at Mark I in the early days, and to whom we offer our grateful sympathy. In All Hallows the coffin, draped with the Union Jack, lay in the opening between the new north aisle and the main part of the Church. A haze of dust from the re-building now going on softened the light. Gen was in his workshop once again. Many of his old friends from the Hill and Toc H came there to say good-bye. Later, at the Memorial Service which overflowed into the porch, his son carried the casket containing the ashes down to the Undercroft, to be laid in a veritable garden of flowers.

Gen was the embodiment of some very important qualities in Toc H. There was not only his Cockney cheerfulness and humour, but also plain, straightforward friendliness, without fuss or frills: simple, unshakable devotion without emotion: the same face for everyone. These are his legacies to us.

(NOTE: *The Tales of Talbot House* (2/-), and *The Gen* (1/6), both by Tubby, are obtainable from Toc H, 47 Francis Street, London, S.W.1.)

O most blessed Trinity,
Mac and Gen and John and I
Playing round your Palace Entry
Gave cheek to the heavenly sentry.

Angel Who-goes-there was gruff.
Gen said, 'Buffs are good enough'.
So is Mac, and so is John;
But myself I think upon.

John, Gen, Mac, grow wings with speed.
Where are mine? O where indeed?

T.

This poem by Tubby was written immediately after an early morning service at All Hallows in August, 1933. The 'John' referred to is John Graham, now of the Community of the Resurrection.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT

IN CRUTCHED FRIARS

Hush'd is the noonday thrust of Merchandise
The tramp of feet, the van men's busy quest,
The children's games, at sundown call'd away
Only the church bell speaks the hour of Rest.

The P.L.A. stands emptied of her throng,
With sightless eyes the statues guard her tower
While pigeons dream, so lightly, in their arms . . .
The little garden scents the dewy hour.

So let my heart, dear Lord, in this still night
Breathe in the fragrance of Thy love and peace
And find Thy stillness in the heart of things.
Stillness that pardon brings, and healing pain.
Then, with the dawn, clear-eyed and fresh with
dew of heaven
With joy I'll rise to take the daily bread that's given.

by

MARIANNE TURNER.

MODERN FAMILIES

JEAN EDWARDS gives an absorbing report on a very significant conference

'THE Needs of the Family in a Changing Society' was the theme of the Annual Conference of the National Society of Children's Nurseries. The Conference was chaired by Mr. Edwin Ainscow, Children's Officer for the London County Council. Major Nathan, the Society's Chairman, in opening the Conference, expressed his alarm at the rate at which nurseries were being closed, a feeling which was shared by many of the speakers.

Professor Fraser Brockington, who was to have spoken at the Conference was unable to be present, and his paper was read. Professor Brockington examined the ways in which mid-twentieth century society in Britain was changing: he saw six major scenes, first that of a society more devoted to town life than ever before—we had become an urban or suburban community, with the consequent urgent need to equip our town communities with the fundamentals of sound living; secondly we were a nation which had outgrown its own resources, needing to import nearly half the food necessary for our continued existence; thirdly, we were a nation responding more widely to education and with an increasing thirst for knowledge. The grammar school and university were open to all who had the ability to benefit—ignorance was on the way out; the fourth scene was that of a nation in a phase of startling political change—economic discrimination had been virtually eliminated; free and comprehensive health care was available to all. The fifth and sixth scenes were related to the change in the picture of health—the span of life had so lengthened that nearly everyone lived to the age of degenerative disease. As against this, there was the fact of our declining fertility, which had affected all classes.

Finally there was the problem of whether we could spread to all not only the material needs of life, but the high standards of true living: there was the serious challenge of materialism—the satisfaction of physical and social needs did nothing in itself to maintain the vitality of spiritual life. Paradoxically, declining belief had coincided with an increased understanding of the functioning of the mind—how could the spread of new knowledge be made to counteract the declining spiritual belief?

PROFESSOR Brockington then went on to consider the needs of the family in these changing circumstances, and the stresses and strains against which it needed to be protected. The strain

Two happy people play in a day nursery

of the mother and child relationship had been helped almost beyond calculation by the maternal and child health service. The second great strain upon family life was that of environment. Family life could be gravely prejudiced by the absence of a healthy home. The third strain was that of social disease —social work needed to be integrated with medical care. Lastly there was the strain of illness, which could be such a drain on the mother's vitality. This could be met by home care. The great prospect of health visiting as the social right hand of the general practitioner, had still to be realised. The family must be cared for and our national services for health, housing, education, social security and social service fashioned with the family in mind.

DR. WINNICOTT (Physician at Paddington Green Children's Hospital), spoke of 'The Needs of the Under Fives' and of society and its sense of responsibility. There was an increasing understanding that in infancy and childhood was laid the basis for mental health and eventually for maturity. If we wished to promote mental health, we needed to know about the emotional development of the infant and child, and must study psychological theory. He referred to the work of Dr. John Bowlby who had concentrated on one thing, the ill effect on a small child of separation from the mother. This had produced a big change in procedure in the last few years, so that mothers now visited their children in hospital, and wherever possible

a separation was avoided. Much mental ill-health could be prevented by the avoidance of unnecessary separations. Dr. Winnicott also stressed the need of parents for a 'break' from their children, and pleaded for an opportunity for use of day nurseries by mothers who were working only part-time.

'The nursery school at its best', said Dr. Winnicott, 'is so good that the good family in modern times can use it for sensible extensions of the scope of otherwise lonely small children: and because the good nursery school caters for the healthy family it has a very special though intangible, non-statistical, value to the community. Society must have a future if the present is to be taken seriously, and out of the healthy family comes the future.'

DR. ALICE STEWART (Reader in Social Medicine, University of Oxford), gave the final address which was concerned with the needs of children between the ages of 5 and 18. Children between these ages had to become happy and socially acceptable adults. It was customary to talk of the necessity for the child to acquire a basic knowledge of the 3 R's but in fact there was a need to teach five R's—not forgetting the small s: school children had also to learn a sense of responsibility, to learn the right use of recreation and to be introduced to the idea of sex.

Considering the changes in society which affect children in this age group, there was the fact that families were much smaller than before. There were thus fewer opportunities to get to know children of the opposite sex in the home. She did not think it was necessarily a bad thing that nowadays more mothers went out to work. Children needed a sense of freedom and must learn from their own mistakes.

Other changes were: more opportunities for higher education and a deeper understanding of sex behaviour in children: more opportunities for corporate activity and a much wider range of amusements than in the past. Although there were many more mechanised jobs, there was more time to practise a craft or hobby. Speaking about 'mothers at work', Dr. Stewart said that she felt that one could not expect mothers—many of whom had been to universities—to cut themselves off from outside activities after marriage. We ought to press for more opportunities for married women to do work at times which were convenient for school children.

Regarding recreation, it was important to teach children to enjoy simple forms of amusement—the ones who were allowed to go on camping, mountaineering or bicycling holidays were the ones we should envy, not the children with television sets and endless pocket money for cinemas and fun fairs—these created a weak parasitic mode of existence, ill-suited to the

needs of a country which should be setting an example to the rest of the world.

IN the discussion which followed, various speakers emphasised the need for more day nurseries. It was pointed out that it is not always the lack of money which is the deciding factor in whether or not a mother should go out to work. Some women were not maternally minded. Women were increasingly finding their place in society as individuals, eager to develop leisure activities.

It seems clear from this Conference that there is a growing need for day nurseries, and that these nurseries should be available not only for children in the 'distress' categories—that is, for instance, where one or other parent is ill, where the home has been broken up, where the mother must work for economic reasons. While the 'distress' categories obviously have the prior need, there must be many mothers to whom it would make a vast difference just to be able to leave their children for an occasional half-day at a nursery, while they pursued some other interest outside the home. Looking after a young baby is surely one of the most delightful occupations in the world, but if a mother has had several children near together in age she may find by the time they have reached school age, she has lost touch with her old interests, and may even desire no other outlet for her mental and physical energies than the running of her home. This of course is unfortunate both for her husband and her children, since the happy home is not necessarily the clean and well-kept home. Women ought not to live in spiritual bondage to their homes, for society needs their special contribution to the solving of the problems which challenge us to-day.

HOW TOC H CAN HELP

(a) If a nursery exists in the locality, nursery staffs will welcome regular voluntary help in supervising play in the children's playground; helping with the repair of toys; making of curtains; feeding of children at meal-times; repairing and making of nursery clothes; preparing of children's birthday parties, Christmas parties.
The reason for stressing regular help, even if it be one half-day per week, is in order that the children may get to know the people handling them.

(b) Where no nursery exists, Toc H Branches can help by enquiring into the housing conditions, the play space, of children, and if it is considered that a nursery would help, asking members of the Maternal and Child Welfare Committee known to them, to take up the question of day-time care for the under-fives.

Suggestions from **F. GRIMBLE**, *Gen. Sec. National Society of Children's Nurseries.*

MORTALS' CHIEFEST ENEMY

A LITTLE while ago there was a most entertaining article in COUNTRY LIFE about the first Englishwoman to go up in a balloon.

She wrote an account of this experience in a letter to a female friend, and so, no doubt unwittingly, recorded her exploit for posterity. It was in the year 1785 that she made an ascent from St. George's Fields in London and eventually came down near Harrow-on-the-Hill, much to the satisfaction of the pupils at the school. Two other passengers who were also to have made the ascent, had, as it were, to be thrown out with other ballast before the balloon could soar into the skies, so that this adventurous lady made the journey into the unknown alone with a young and charming male companion. In fact, she undoubtedly risked reputation as well as life.

One is glad to find from her letter that she not only experienced the sensation of a 'most pure and perfect tranquility of soul' during the flight, but moreover enjoyed a good meal and a whole bottle of cherry brandy and was afterwards quite ready to receive the congratulations of her friends.

THIS lady's line of adventure may not seem a particularly fruitful one to you and me, but it was decidedly picturesque and daring, and showed that she saw possibilities in life outside the usual run of things and was not afraid to explore them. One looks for signs of this kind of spirit in the world to-day—for people with imagination and initiative who do unconventional and wonderful things; for men and women who break out from the 'ancient ruts' in order to follow a mountain track; for folk who are willing to take a risk because they believe 'the best is yet to be'.

It seems odd that in an age full of tremendous developments, so many young people fail to see the greatness of the times and to grasp with both hands the opportunity offered to them of making their contribution in a constructive career. They choose rather to be slaves of a dull, unenterprising life of routine, leading in the end to 'security'; for the safe job with 'nothing to it' brings with it a pension, though it may destroy the soul.

IN the world of slogans in which we live, there is one which says 'Safety First'. There is a reason for it, especially on the roads. But as a rule of life it is a dangerous idea. Where we should all be to-day had it been pressed home during the war, for instance, you may easily guess. An obsession with the desire for 'being on the safe side', for security whatever may happen,

A. B. S. MACFIE here tackles a big problem —vigorously and spiced with humour!

kills the sense of adventure which is the spice of living and makes us dull, static and dependent. It also makes us deaf to the call of the world for lives given away rather than preserved, for adventurers in creative living.

SHAKESPEARE speaks of security as 'mortals' chiefest enemy' —an ill-founded self-confidence leading to disaster.

> 'He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
> His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear.'

Alas, for Macbeth!

In our day it is not so much our self-confidence that is our undoing as our dependence on outside sources of security. The real freedom from fear can be reached only through the hard way of learning to believe in God and to trust Him.

Does this sickness of the times touch Toc H? When our movement was young it was an adventure, trying in original and unconventional ways to get old truths across to a generation whose faith had been smashed to bits by their experiences. Toc H helped to gather up the bits and to fit them together, and to show

A.B.S.M. (right), with two members from Scotland at the Central Council Meeting this Spring.

how they could still be used to serve God and Everyman. Thirty years have passed and there are many changes. Toc H still has its job to do and an even more urgent call to answer. Are we making a relevant response and should the answer be given in the old idiom? Will it thus be understood to-day?

Long ago, among the notices which hung in the Old House in Poperinghe, was one which read:

'Come upstairs and risk meeting the Padre.'

At a time when men lived so uncertainly, it hardly seemed necessary to introduce an extra element of danger. But behind each notice was hidden a meaning, and behind this one lay the idea that men's souls were as much in danger as their bodies: that it was worth making a plunge to discover that 'behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the eternal realities'.

Are members to-day prepared to do this for themselves, or are they content to rely upon the experiences of their forerunners in the movement? If we are each and all prepared to take the risk there will be a transformation in Toc H.

Christianity does not offer its disciples security as this world knows it. So get into your balloons and GO!

'The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.'

IN ADVANCE

A Toc H Women's Association Summer School is being planned for August, 1955. It is to be held in an old Abbey, now a comfortable conference house, at Leiston, two and a half miles from the Suffolk coast, and about five miles from Aldeburgh—now famous for its musical festival.

There will be room for 30-35 people, members or friends, and it is hoped that those coming will thoroughly enjoy living as a group for a week or a fortnight and having a good holiday, at the same time gaining much and giving much from study and discussion on some of the subjects about which, as members of Toc H, we have a real concern.

Expeditions to places such as Norwich and Southwold will be arranged, there will probably be about two lectures a day and the cost will be about £4 a week.

Are you coming?

NEARLY READY NOW!

TOC H DIARIES FOR 1955.—Orders for diaries can be sent in from the beginning of October. The price is the same as last year—3/6 without pencil, 4/- with pencil. Money must be sent with the order to the Publications Department, Toc H Incorporated, 47 Francis Street, London, S.W.1.

PLEASE NOTE this address and DO NOT send orders to Crutched Friars House.

The Old House Needs New Curtains?

LAST night I had a dream—I was enveloped in yards and yards of the softest of curtain material of every colour and pattern. Above my head appeared row upon row of curtain rings, jingling and glittering in a mysterious breeze which wafted through my dream-world. Then, suddenly, a change took place, and lo! all the noisy curtain rings became coins; copper coins, silver coins, and yes, even golden coins!

It needed no help from a psychologist to discover the cause of my subconscious nocturnal meanderings. The Old House needs new curtains. One of our members who visited Poperinghe recently has very kindly offered to obtain the material for us and a substantial sum towards the cost has already been promised. If there are any among you with happy memories of the house and all it has to give to us to-day, who would like to contribute, any sum, from the 'Widow's Mite' to the millionaire's £5 note, will be equally welcome and should be sent to the Pilgrimage Secretary, Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3.

Generous friends have already provided twenty-four cotton bed-spreads.

SMALL parties have been braving the English Channel during the months since Easter and at the time this article goes to Press we are preparing for the second Women's Association Party on the 21st August. The first week-end in August will see a small mixed group setting out from Victoria for Bruges. After enjoying the illuminations, the Holy Blood Basilica, Michael Angelo's Madonna and Child, coffee in the Market Place and the warm hospitality of Charles and his wife at the Pension-Lybeer, the party will go by car to Poperinghe and spend the remainder of the week-end there.

More and more members are combining a visit to 'Pop' with a holiday on the Continent. By the time this article appears it may be too late to do anything about it this year, but there is always another. What about 1955?

ELSA M. PERRIN.

OVERSEAS INNINGS

WELCOME. During the summer, headquarters has been delighted to welcome many overseas members, a particularly large contingent from South Africa. Miss Margaret Henry, M.B.E., and her mother, from Santiago, Chile, who have now achieved their ambition of 'going to a Toc H meeting in England', are here for the first time for 29 years. Miss Olga Campbell ('Cam' to Australian members), who edits the Women's Association pages of THE LINK, has arrived for a long stay, we hope, and we are enjoying having Miss Janet Henderson, from Pretoria, with us and persuaded her to talk to a representative group about the Toc H work at Westfort Leper Institute of which she is a keen worker. Members have also turned up from New Zealand, Hong Kong, Paris and Montreal.

We also welcome to our Overseas membership, two *Poperinghe* members, Miss Rolande Blanchaert and Mrs. Yvonne De Rynck Battheu, both of whom give a great deal of help with the Old House.

ST. ALBAN'S BRANCH were again hosts to a party of Overseas members who spent a June day there seeing the beautiful sights of that historic city. The day ended with a get-together at the Friends Meeting House, when the overseas members spoke of their own countries.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA takes an active interest in the Spastic Children's Auxiliary. Here is a description of a recent effort of theirs: 'As the 'phone rang and the Area Secretary answered, a voice said, "This is Mrs. Parham of the Spastic Children's Auxiliary. The Fête is to be in May this year, and we wondered if we could count on the Toc H women for the Sweets Stall again?" And so started another period of contacting all branches and getting down to the making of novelties, baskets, etc., then the sweets, and the night before the Fête, a combined work-night at headquarters to prepare the sweets for the stall. The Fête was opened by Lady George, wife of the State Governor, and once business started in earnest, it did not take long for the stall to be cleared, and we were able to hand in to the Treasurer the sum of £20. Convening the Sweets Stall at the Spastic Children's Fête in Adelaide is one of the ways in which we are able to help the Home, and proves one of our most enjoyable jobs of service during the year.'

NAIROBI, KENYA, has news of a Canteen which Toc H and the Women's Association started at the beginning of Operation Anvil to cater for the 49th Brigade troops camping there. The chief organizers were Mr. and Mrs. K. R. L. Evan. The Toc H rooms were furnished with tables and easy chairs, and the Welfare Offi-

cer lent a radio. Such things as tea, biscuits and home-baked cakes, supplied by Mrs. Hickson and other helpers, were on sale. Some 40-50 men were served each evening and the canteen was open from 7-9.30 p.m. Members from the Audit Dept. joined with Toc H members in staffing the canteen, which was run as a non-profit-making concern. When the venture was wound up, it had a small balance in hand which was generously sent to England to be divided between our two Headquarters funds, '47', and Crutched Friars.

THE OVERSEAS PARTY

EVERY year members from overseas visit this country, and for the last few years a party in their honour has been arranged at Crutched Friars House. The Chairman of the Overseas Committee says this party has become a habit, and none of those present at the party held this year on the 22nd July would fail to agree that it is an exceedingly good habit, and one to be cultivated.

The guests, from as near as Tower Hill and as far as New Zealand, were received by Miss Elsie Potter, Chairman of the Overseas Committee, and Miss Maclie, our Founder Pilot, both of them much-travelled members. They gathered in small circles, migrating from one to another, as the party proceeded, in the Headquarters Office, transformed for the evening into reception rooms, beautifully decorated with flowers and plants. From speaking to someone from Australia one went on to hear about South Africa from a young Art Teacher on furlough from Johannesburg, after which one discussed New Zealand with people from that country. Young people from America, a girl from Denmark, now working at Toc H Headquarters, and a student from Jamaica, studying domestic science in this country, helped to create not only a Commonwealth, but an international atmosphere. Toc H and Toc H Women's Association 'officials' and members of the Central Executive Committees and Sub-Committees mingled with the guests.

The party concluded with an unexpected and colourful film show very kindly given by two guests, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Hart, which took us to South Africa, Rhodesia and Italy, with short interludes of Royal events. It was a thoroughly enjoyable and successful party.

MARY RUSHWORTH

NOTES AND NEWS

TALKS: Edith A Wright, Chairman of Broadstairs Branch writes, 'We have had some interesting talks on Famous Women, each member speaking of one she found of appeal to her.' It sounds stimulating

From Letty Flux, Bristol Branch: 'One of our members produced a list of questions, all of which had a distinctly religious flavour. I was a probationer of some nine months and had noticed that few evenings were given over to religious discussion. Before the first question had been on the mat many minutes we were all queuing up to get a word in, and during the whole of the evening we discussed some five or so questions . . . The last question needed no answer "Do we have enough discussion on religious subjects".'

HAPPY HOUSE: Whitehill Chase, Bordon, Hampshire, has been opened as a House of Prayer and of Healing, and a place to which people may come for quiet holidays or small retreats or conferences. The house has a lovely garden, beautiful sitting-rooms and a Chapel. It is offered to God for His purposes, and the cost to those who come is according to their means and guidance. The Director of the House is the Rev. H. Wallace Bird and the Warden is a Toc H member—Ruth Custance.

LOWESTOFT BRANCH writes, 'One of our members, Miss Violet Robson, has left for New Zealand and before leaving us, we held a farewell supper jointly with the men when a handbag was presented to her by our Pilot, Simmy. Miss Robson has been a member of this branch for 7 years, during which time she has served as Chairman and Secretary. Miss Robson hopes to return to England at the end of 12 months, when she hopes to go to her home town in Yorkshire.

TIME AND TALENTS: In a letter to Mrs. Twinch, Diana Tatchell, Flower Day and Organising Secretary of Time and Talents, wrote: 'It was extremely good of you to send me at such short notice that extensive list of your branches in the Home Counties who would be likely to support our Flower Day. I had intended to write personally to all those who sent flowers but . . . have had to resort to the official letter with personal postscript. I should therefore be very glad if you would endorse our gratitude to those who supported us.'

OXFORD COMMITTEE FOR FAMINE RELIEF: Quoting from a letter from the secretary of that organisation: 'We are most grateful for the support received from so many of your branches, which has enabled us to maintain, and even to extend, our work among the most needy refugees and displaced persosns . . . In view of the reports we continue to receive from our contacts

in the Near East, we are particularly anxious to increase our consignments of warm clothing to that Area . . . We should appreciate the co-operation of your Members in this special effort, particularly in the provision of garments for children and knitted blankets . . . The articles should be sent direct to our London Depot'.—Oxford/Universal Relief, c/o Davies Turner & Co., 50a Bourne Street, London, S.W.1.

FOCUS ON PROBLEM FAMILIES, 1954, obtainable (price 6d.) from the Clerk, Letchworth Preparative Meeting, Howgills, South View, Letchworth, Herts.

The Letchworth Settlement Social Study Group, a voluntary body which includes members of the Society of Friends, has compiled a useful report as the result of its study of Juvenile Delinquency. It is concerned especially with the problem family, the group feeling that 'the family as a whole and not the individual delinquent should be regarded as the basic unit for investigation'.

The report examines briefly the principal causes of delinquency, child neglect and family breakdown and outlines some suggested remedies. Those who are wondering what help they can give in family relations will find some useful suggestions here. For example, the report suggests that ' . . . play groups might be run by voluntary helpers, where mothers could leave their children for an hour or two occasionally'.

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The card, in black, white and blue, costs 4d. with envelope.

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A FEW months ago I watched a small boy of six years old lacing a boot. It was no ordinary boy, and no ordinary boot, for the boy was a Spastic, and the boot was nailed to a board. Although the lace had tags which were nearly two inches long, the job of getting it into the hole needed tremendous effort and concentration. This, like learning to feed himself and to do up buttons, was part of his occupational

ARE YOU GOING TO HELP?

therapy, for until this boy joined this special school for Spastics he had never been able to use his right arm at all, neither could he walk or talk.

But perhaps you have never heard before of a Spastic? It is the most common form of cerebral palsy. Cerebral means 'of the brain'; to doctors, palsy a weakness, or lack of control of the muscles. Therefore, cerebral palsy means a weakness or lack of control of muscles due to some condition of the brain. A Spastic then is someone who, because of some injury to the brain either before, at birth, or shortly afterwards, is unable to co-ordinate brain and muscles, with a resulting lack of muscular control. According to the extent of the damage this may be in the arms, legs, tongue, speech, hearing, or eyes, or in a combination resulting in almost total paralyses of all these, or in a slight lack of control in one limb or in speech. Strictly speaking there is no cure for cerebral palsy. However, with early diagnoses followed by the right treatment, another part of the brain can slowly be taught to take over the work of the damaged portion, and wonderful results can often be obtained.

ALTHOUGH the paralysis is caused by a brain injury it is only in rare cases—something like 25% of the whole—that the intelligence of the child is in any way affected. Nevertheless, many Spastic children of average to above average intelligence have been thought to be mentally defective and quite a number have even found their way into homes for the mentally deficient, for it is difficult to test the intelligence of a child who cannot speak and perhaps may even be unable to lift his head.

There is, for instance, the case of a child whose parents were told when he was nine months old, that he was mentally and physically damaged for life, but who, later, was correctly diagnosed as a sufferer from cerebral palsy. When he was five years of age came a lucky break, for he was accepted for St. Margaret's School for Spastic Children and was one of the first Spastic Children in this country to receive continuous specialised treat-

ment. At that time, October 1947, both his hearing and speech were badly affected, he could not walk, stand-up without support, or even feed himself. At first he looked lonely and lost and did not play with the other children. In December 1953, he left St. Margaret's to attend an ordinary school among unhandicapped children. During his very first term a letter from this school said . . . 'He is a happy and very little handicapped

Perhaps you have never heard of Spastics? Read this article by WILLA A. MOOJEN—it may suggest voluntary work you would love to do . . .

member of our community. He tears up and down stairs and along passages as fast and as nimble as any of the boys. We are really very thrilled by all this.'

WHILE this is a story with a happy ending, with the facilities available to-day only about one in every 500 of the 10,000 Spastic children in this country will have the chance of either treatment or education.

A child with cerebral palsy should obviously be under continuous medical care. Every large town in the country should have a clinic where children may be brought for diagnosis, observation, proper assessment of their handicap, and treatment; where, too, their parents can learn what treatment to carry on at home and learn to understand better how to adjust themselves to the situation of having a handicapped child. Treatment must be available to the adult Spastic also.

A Spastic child must have opportunities for education just as any other child should, but only those lightly handicapped can attend ordinary schools or those for the physically handicapped. Most Spastics have their own special problems which can be catered for only in special schools. They need continuous physiotherapy, often speech therapy as well, which in the special schools is carried on at the same time as their general education. Many cannot walk, or talk, or even hold a pencil. To concentrate for any length of time on what may seem an impossible task, particularly in the company of normal children, can only result in feelings of frustration. In the special schools for Spastics the children are carefully watched for faults of posture, or signs of fatigue, or frustration.

JUST over two years ago a number of parents of Spastic children got together and formed the National Spastics Society. The aims of this Society, are first of all to contact as many parents of Spastics and adult Spastics as possible and form them into local parents' associations. Then to unite these associations in so strong a body that it can press local Authorities and

Ministries for better treatment facilities for Spastics. Already there are more than 80 of these groups throughout the country, and it is hoped in time, to increase the number to cover all districts of England and Wales.

With something like 30,000 Spastics in the country to-day, and 600 more being born every year, the National Spastics Society has set itself a target of £1,000,000 with which to set up centres for treatment and education.

In various parts of the country, Clinics, Day Nurseries, and Special Schools for Spastics have already been opened, and future plans include many more. The Health and Education Authorities are, too, responsible for a certain number of Spastic units attached to hospitals or schools for the physically handicapped, although these are usually very small.

All these, whether the work of voluntary bodies or of Local Authorities, are but a 'drop in the ocean' and very many more are urgently needed if every Spastic child is to be able to lead a full and happy life.

ANOTHER tremendous problem with which the National Spastics Society must contend is that of the adolescent and grown-up Spastic, many of whom have grown to maturity with neither treatment nor education and so are unable to earn any living. To help these the National Spastics Society is planning a number of Sheltered Workshops where they will be taught such work as they are capable of doing. There will be some who may have to remain in the Workshops all their lives, but it is hoped that many, after a period of training, will be able to obtain employment in the usual way. Already something on these lines is being done by the Midland Spastic Association, who have organised classes in carpentry, weaving, rug making, etc., for both men and women.

In addition, the National Spastics Society intends to spend a sum of £45,000 over the next five years, on medical research.

Although the Society is primarily a parents' organisation, its members also include many adult Spastics and sympathisers. The work they do for the cause naturally varies with the size of the group and the needs of the particular area. These groups, however, keep contact with the Local Authorities and where no facilities exist or seem likely to be provided in the near future, set to work themselves to raise the necessary funds with which to set up a Centre, Day Nursery, School, or whatever they consider to be their most pressing need. The centres when formed are, too, run very largely with voluntary help except for such professional services as of doctors, physiotherapists, speech therapists and so on. There is also a need for people who will organise outings or act as sitters-in and so give the parents of Spastic children a much-needed break. Those with cars can, too,

provide transport for Spastics to and from Clinics and places of entertainment.

PEOPLE in continuous contact with Spastic children—whether parents, teachers or voluntary helpers—must remember that a Spastic child has many greater difficulties to combat than mere physical handicap. First of all must come the realisation that he is different from other children, and the growing sense of frustration from trying so hard to make still and practically useless muscles do those simple actions which others do automatically. Then, in time, often comes the knowledge of how ill-equipped they are to compete in a world which is hard enough for the best of us; how dependent, often, they must always be on others, their terrible feelings of inadequacy and the ever-present nightmare of insecurity.

Realising this it helps tremendously if a Spastic is treated as far as possible as any other child, is encouraged to think, speak and act for himself; and to try new things. He will need all the love and understanding he can get but too much help, particularly with things he can learn to do for himself, will only make it worse for him. He will be much happier when he does things for himself. (*Note*: *Toc H W.A. is* NOT *a money-raising body able to help the Society in that way, but you can see there are many other ways help can be given.*—ED.)

WE WILL REMEMBER

Mrs. J. Wilden—*Jersey*. 22.7.49—June, 1954.
Mrs. Winifred Malpass—*Aberdare*. 25.7.49—August, 1953
Miss Hilda Singleton—*Small Heath*. 17.11.31—31.5.54
Mrs. Florence Cope—*Worthing*. 1.12.34—27.5.54
Mrs. Farrant—*Central General Branch*. 1930—Easter, 1954
Miss Ellen Barr—*Wimbledon Branch*. 17.11.32—22.5.54
Mrs. B. B. Paternoster—*Highams Park*. 20.8.28—June, 1954
Mrs. Elsie Clayton—*Greenbank*. 6.11.44—28.6.54
Mrs. Mary White—*Evesham*. 25.1.52—10.7.54

SERVICE

A FEW remarks overheard at a Guest Night . . .
Enquiring Visitor . . . 'What kind of service do you do in Toc H?' Reply . . . 'Oh, we do all kinds of jobs, visiting old folk, helping with hospital libraries, taking people for outings, etc. The Job Secretary gets requests from the various local organisations and we arrange at the meetings who can undertake the jobs . . . '

Did this visitor grasp, do you think, the whole meaning of the word Service which underlies the activities of Toc H? Planned jobs do, of course, take an important place in branch activities, but two queries may be made here:

(a) Must we wait for the jobs to come our way via the Jobbie? Should the branch do more corporate thinking, on its own part, reviewing through the experience of *all* the members, the possible needs of those whom welfare organisations do not touch? Probably many members are on the look out for completely unofficial and unadvertised opportunities of helping others. There is increasing need for personal visiting, and for good *listening*, for many women nowadays find life's troubles and stresses too much for them, and, not finding a fellowship in which these things could be shared, they seek any means of distraction to help them to forget.

Again, with the increase and variety of social workers dealing with problems concerning the family, many have expressed the wish that they could from time to time call on the help of an informal group or 'unofficial' friendly person who could do and be the very thing that is outside the scope of the specialist.

We might learn something here from the methods of those who work with the Family Service Units. It is anyhow good to remind ourselves how easy it is to get into ruts, and be content with the sort of jobs we have always done and might perhaps by now leave to others while we ourselves seek untried forms of personal service, which may be more costly to ourselves.

Portrait of Phyllis W. Wolfe, a member of the Publications Committee, whose photo came too late for the last LOG.

MARIANNE TURNER and PHYLLIS W. WOLFE have pooled ideas in this article with vital questions to ask—and to be answered!

(b) Here might we not ask too, 'Is our service the service of *Ourselves,* or is it merely the giving up of one afternoon or evening a week to play our part in Toc H jobs?' The service of ourselves includes service of mind and spirit: a giving of ourselves wholly to the work in hand with mind alert and heart attuned to the offering of our best. Thus our service becomes creative, original, a truly personal offering.

Yet another field of service might be more seriously considered: the service of our *Minds.* This business of thinking fairly involves us in the bringing of *enlightened* thought to bear on the problems of mankind. Racial problems, economic problems, such as the sharing of this world's goods; religious problems such as Christian Unity and world faiths, these and many more cry out for greater understanding, and we as members of a world-wide movement must try to understand them more fully.

There is so much second-hand thinking and ignorant prejudice binding the minds of the human race that it is a marvel that there is any coherence in the world at all. That there is, is due to the enlightened thinking of those who give their lives to the service of God and of their fellow-men. These include not only leaders, but the many humble folk who through faithfulness to Christian ideals can see these things in their true perspective.

Would that Toc H W.A. could throw its energies more wholeheartedly into the war against ignorant prejudice and second-rate thinking that surrounds them! Do you say this is not Service? Ask the leaders of our generation, and they would tell you that women who try to think fairly are one of the greatest assets any nation can have. It is the *Mind* that rocks the cradle that really matters! Service indeed, and of a far-reaching nature.

Enlightened thought will undoubtedly lead us on to enlightened prayer. The Family Prayers of the branch will come alive if they give expression to the heartfelt concern of the members for any of the manifold problems of life with which they are trying to identify themselves through the service of their minds. And thus our Toc H service is brought down into the deepest levels of all activity; the safest and the most potent.

Costly? Yes . . . but it may be comforting to remind ourselves that the value of service is generally closely related to its cost.

> "Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
> Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
> For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
> And who so suffers most hath most to give." *

* *From* THE DISCIPLES—*H. E. Hamilton King* (*Routledge & Kegan Paul*).

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN READING?

ELISABETH WORTH'S book list shows you it was a good idea to ask her the question!

Seven Years in Tibet. Heinrich Harrer, with an Introduction by Peter Fleming. (Rupert Hart-Davis, 16s.)

This is the story of a prisoner of war who escaped at his third attempt and of an explorer who reached the forbidden city of Lhasa and became a tutor to the Dalai Lama. A fascinating description of the most isolated country in the world.

Every Day Life in New Testament Times. A. C. Bouquet. (Batsford, 15s.)

Did you know that in the time of our Lord, dentists, blocks of flats, surgical operations, cosmetics, baths, central heating and many other aspects of our lives to-day were then a normal part of people's lives in Palestine? In this book Dr. Bouquet writes vividly of the everyday life in that part of the Roman Empire, showing the growing urbanisation of society even then.

The Story of England. Book I. Makers of the Realm. Arthur Bryant. (Collins, 16s.)

This, the first volume of a trilogy, is a most readable 'popular' history. It is without the usual plethora of dates, battles, and Acts of Parliament, and tells in gripping fashion the story of England up to the end of the reign of Edward I and his many fine achievements. The forming of our race through the blending of the racial characteristics of our many early invaders and the gradual growth of a national character and institutions makes a most interesting study and helps one to understand our situation to-day more clearly in regard to racial problems.

The Times Bible Supplement. (The Times, 1s.)

This tells how the Bible came to be written, how it has come down to us in its present form and how it has influenced social history.

Here and There. A Toc H Anthology. Compiled by John Durham. (Toc H, 5s.)

Here is a wonderful 'lucky dip', comprising prose, poetry, stories of all kinds, the history of Toc H and the characters of some of its builders showing through on every page. Something to read for every occasion and to lend to your friends. A 'must'.

Postage Stamps. L. N. & M. Williams. (A Puffin Picture Book, 2s. 6d.).

A useful first book on stamp collecting, well illustrated and full of information calculated to help children to make up their minds as to whether they really *do* want to collect stamps!

LETTERS . . .

THOUSANDS OF INTELLIGENT WOMEN READ THE LOG . . . IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO SAY, WRITE US A LETTER. IT STANDS A CHANCE OF BEING PUBLISHED—AND READ BY ALL THOSE THOUSANDS . . .

Betty C. Burke, who has recently joined the Publications Committee.

Dear Editor,

Mrs. Kay Chew's letter in the last Log on the problem of Mothers who have to go out to work and consequently deprive their families of care and attention, prompts me to write to you yet further on the subject.

In her penultimate paragraph Mrs. Chew says, "compulsory war work gave a great many women a taste for work outside the home . . . ". Now, I say nothing of those gallant women who are having to work to help to bring up their families decently or whose husbands are incapacitated, etc., but I feel most strongly about those married women with families who say they haven't enough to do, or who go out to work to get pin money. They have no qualms about putting the responsibility of their families on to the shoulders of others and if things go wrong at home are always full of self-pity. These women who have received the greatest blessing God bestows on us, lightly discard it and criminally neglect a sacred trust.

Half the juvenile crime and, indeed, adult crime, is due to neglected family life. Do women still sing their babies to sleep, I wonder? Or are they in such a hurry to get down to T.V.! Are children still instructed to say prayers at their mother's knee? Or are they taught simple games and amusements for wet afternoons? Or are we rearing a nation of spoon-fed children who have no resources to fall back on in time of need?

I suggest that Toc H women have a job to do here. Can a way be found to teach these people how to make a home? Could not some Toc H women help the mother who has to go out to work by giving a helping hand with the children? Let's hear from members!

BETTY BURKE

Klagenfurt, 19.6.54.

We have received with great gratitude, 15 tea-chests of napkins for distribution in Austria. We want to thank all the donors most heartily for this generous present.

The napkins have been distributed to Mothers' Advice Centres

and Babies' Clinics and they are a very useful contribution in supporting our Campaign against Infant-mortality in the remoter mountain areas.

Also in the name of the mothers and the babies the warmest and sincerest thanks to everybody who has so kindly helped them.

With very best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

BASIL GARDNER-McTAGGART
Administrator in Austria (Save the Children Fund)

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a negative, which I hope may be suitable for THE LOG; it is a snap of our Branch picking primroses, which we later took to the Sanatorium at Cashes Green. I hear this is the kind of thing you want—of Toc H doing some kind of job which gives pleasure to others.

K. M. GILBERT,
Secretary, Stroud Branch

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sorry, no room to reproduce the negative—but the idea in this letter is positive . . .

Dear Editor,

On July 7th Swansea had a party to celebrate the 25 years' membership in Toc H of two of their members, Miss Hilda John, and Mrs. Nora John (sisters-in-law); the party was held at Hilda's home. The Branch presented Hilda and Nora with a bouquet of carnations, and a member brought them an iced sponge. They were congratulated, and members hoped they would see the half-century. Both have been active members, and have held office as Secretary and Treasurer, District Secretary, and Central Councillor.

PHYLLIS ALLEN,
Secretary, Swansea Branch

Dear Editor,

Will you allow me the courtesy of your columns to express my very deep appreciation and thanks to the members of Toc H Women's Association for their most generous gift to me on my retirement from the Staff? Miss Owen, the Chairman of the Central Executive Committee, handed me a cheque after the July meeting of the Executive and asked me to spend some of it on something which would be a lasting memento of my years as General Secretary. I shall do this with much joy and real gratitude to all who have made this lovely gift possible.

JANE TWINCH

When you write to the LOG, cut out this coupon and stick it on the left-hand top corner of your envelope.

LETTERS

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MEETINGS:

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Day .....

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The Secretary is .....

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She will be glad to give further information.

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